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Heaven Falls

by [Justanothersinger](#)

Summary

""Perched on an island, adrift on the sea of stars",

"On that day, I saw a God."

AU where Grima has won, rules over the world and Chrom is chosen to be the felldragon's sacrifice.

Notes

For crispy:

<http://crispy-6business.tumblr.com/>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Heaven falls

Chapter 1: To face a God.

Perched on an island, adrift on the sea of stars

A lonely figure, clothed in black and gold,

I saw the boy, eyes averted, hands clasped,

On that day, I saw a God.

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

Sweat trickles down the back of his neck and it's the only thing he can feel. It leaves a cold trail down the back of his neck that makes him shiver.

It's so *cold*.

Wasn't this the desert? This was colder than the winters back home in Ylisse. And while his robes were stuffy and restricting in the traditional sense-the kind of fashion that he despised-they weren't meant for this kind of temperatures.

...But it's not like he's going to suffer for much longer though. Is he?

His mouth is set in a grim line and his lips start to crack. Bile on his tongue as he remembers again, the nth time in as many minutes the reason he was here in the first place.

He's wearing the traditional robes of kings long dead, gold grafted into his favorite color. Royal blue. Along with a crown, ridiculously heavy for its size, gold armour plates on his arms and a cape clasped tight to his throat.

Ridiculously fancy attire for a prince being led to his sacrificial bed.

His heart skids as he hears another dull *thud*.

It's closer this time. Closer.

It's coming, it's coming, it's coming, it's coming...!

A useless, panicked mantra that beats through his aching head. His teeth are chattering, not just with the cold, his heart is pounding, hard, harder and he grips at the floor underneath hating every second of it with every bit of will he could muster.

Another *thud* and it's closer.

He remembers things, useless things, what they've said of this monster.

Thud.

A dragon on yellowed pages. Ink black scales, eyes of white rot.

Thud.

Maw and teeth stained with a dark red.

Thud!

The air around him is stale with chewed meat and warm breath and his stomach heaves.

Oh, Gods.

Oh, Gods.

This was the end for him.

He.

He was about to die. Wasn't he?

The air is almost uncomfortably warm now, but he shivers nonetheless.

This was for the people of Ylisse, He reminds himself and grits his teeth, trying to stop himself from shivering.

Lissa. Emm.

Everyone.

For his kingdom to be safe...that's all he wanted.

It has to be right next to him now.

He still can't see through this damned darkness. He doesn't know whether that was a curse or a blessing.

The chains on the floor clink in complaint and he thinks he hears a low, guttural laugh in the next roar.

He can't stop himself from yelling when he's thrown against the wall, a tremendous pressure on

his chest.

So it wasn't to be a quick and painless death after all? He thinks grimly and he hears the beast roar...no. No.

His skin crawls as he realizes that the beast was laughing.

"Stubborn. Aren't we?"

Those weren't his thoughts.

"Let's see how long you can keep that attitude up."

Something probing in his mind and he tastes something sour in the sides of his tongue.

I'm going to die anyway. There's no point panicking.

"And yet your heart now resembles that of a frightened child, prince of Ylisse."

Hot breath on his face and he gags again. It's a hundred times worse than the scent of the room.

"Arrogant, are we?"

A soft snarl and the pressure of the claw on his chest starts to increase. It was just a few inches to the right of his heart.

"I always did detest the arrogant ones."

He closes his eyes as the monster roars again and over the ringing of his ears, he feels something warm drip on his face.

"Which is why I will derive much pleasure in killing you slowly. Carefully."

"You will forget your pride, beg for death and I will never give it to you."

Chrom closes his eyes and steels his heart.

"Son of Naga...your nightmare begins now!"

With a last roar, the monster's claw would tear into his body and his jaw would snap out his heart. That would have happened...eventually, anyway. Just like in the books.

But instead, the roar cuts off abruptly and a sound that's reminiscent of a terrible, guttural scream erupts from the creature.

Chrom opens his eyes.

And...

And he sees a God.

That's the only way he could explain it.

Long white hair and strange markings on his bare skin, robes the color of a lightning-struck night. Gold jewelery of all kinds on his bare legs and arms, even wound on his head.

His back is to him, he's facing the monster, arms spread wide. He was shielding Chrom from the monster.

"Y-you...!"

"Close your eyes!" The boy barks out harshly and Chrom obeys immediately.

The monster screams again.

"You...! Why do you interfere?!"

"You shall not harm him."

The boy says this and his voice is low, deadly. Raw with a power that crackles through the air and makes Chrom's hair stand on end.

The monster shrieks for a final time before there's a sudden gust of wind, powerful enough to pin Chrom to the wall.

And then...he couldn't feel the monster's presence in the air anymore.

He hears a sigh and the rustle of fabric.

Something soft presses against his eyes.

"I'm sorry, I need to do this. You can't look directly into my eyes. You know why, right?"

"Then", Chrom's voice is hoarse, "Then you are...?"

The boy doesn't answer.

Chrom feels warm fingertips against his cheek.

"Are you alright?"

"Just peachy."

The unexpected response makes the boy giggle a little. "Good. Now that the blindfold's securely in place, I'll help you up now. You may get a bit disoriented, after sitting in one place for so long."

"Right."

Cold hands grab his forearms and carefully help him up.

This close, he notices that the boy is breathing hard. Something pricks at his skin.

"Are you alright?"

"What?"

"You seem tired."

"...I try to avoid fights with evil gods if I can help it." The boy mutters.

"I can understand that."

"You've been sitting in there for hours. Are you tired?"

"I'll live. For as long as I can, anyway." Chrom says grimly.

"You're tough. I thought I was too late when I reached you."

"I'd appreciate the thought nonetheless."

"Even coming from a person like me?"

There's a soft rustle. The blindfold had loosened enough for Chrom to see him.

The boy was staring off to the side with a morose expression.

From here, Chrom could see the tattoos etched under the boy's eyes. Two more sets of eyes tattooed on his cheeks, crossing over his face.

The mark of Grima.

The mark of his vessel.

Suddenly, he's not there and before Chrom could react, the blindfold is pulled up to his eyes again and he hears a soft sigh near his ear.

"But even you won't live that long if you meet my eyes, Son of Naga."

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

End Notes

Songs used for inspiration:

Forest of Hesitation: Lamento OST

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